But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this ſore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthened after life,
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greete my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law renowmed *W*arwick,
*W*ho cried aloud, *W*hat ſcourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſht, then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he ſqueakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
*T*hat ſtabt me in the field by *T*euxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
*W*ith that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
*S*uch hidious cries, that with the very noiſe,
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue done thoſe things,
*W*hich now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
*F*or *E*dwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me,
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and I faine would ſleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your Grace good reſt,
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and lowe names,

There's

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.
The murtherers enter.
*I*n Gods name what are you, and how came you hither?
Exe. I would ſpeake wite Clarence, and I came hither on (my legs.
Bro. Yea, are ye ſo briefe?
2. *Exe.* O ſir, it is better be briefe then tedious,
*S*hew him our commiſſion talke no more. *He readeth it*
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble *D*uke of Clarence to your hands,
I will not reaſon what is meant thereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe of the meaning:
Heere are the keyes, there ſits the *D*uke a ſleepe:
Ile to his *M*aieſtie and certifie his Grace,
*T*hat thus I haue reſignd my place to you.
Exe. *D*o ſo, it is a poynt of Wiſedome.
2. What ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes?
1. No, then he will ſay twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
2 When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1 Why then he will ſay we ſtabd him ſleeping.
2 The vrging of that word iudgement, hath bred
A kinde of remorſe in me.
1 What, art thou afraid?
2 Not to kil him hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd
*F*or killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1 Backe to the Duke of Gloſter, tell him ſo.
2 I pray thee ſtay a while, *I* hope my holy humour will
Change, twas wont to hold me but while one would tel xx.
1 How doeſt thou feele thy ſelfe now? (in me,
2 Faith ſome certaine dregs of conſcience are yet with-
1 Remember our reward when the deed is done.
2 Zounds he dies, *I* had forgot the reward.
1 Where is thy conſcience now?
2 In the Duke of Gloſters purſe.
1 So when he opens his purſe to giue vs our reward,
Thy conſcience flies out.
2 Let it goe, ther's fewe or none will entertaine it.
1 How if it come to thee againe?

2 Ile